

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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ENERGY

I VISITED a farm, not long ago, on which had occurred a most peculiar and distressing accident, whereby one of the men was blown to pieces while plowing. It was early in the morning of the first of the spring plowing, and a field that had been lying idle for some time was to be prepared for seeding. Merrily the plowman hummed a tune as the rich, black loam rolled back from the point of the plow when, without warning, a most terrific explosion splintered the plow and killed the workman.

As a result of a very thorough investigation, the conclusion was reached that thieves had buried stolen dynamite in that particular spot and that the point of the plowshare had struck the explosive and set it off. While the plowman had been killed instantly, the pair of valuable horses had not been injured, the force of the explosion having snapped the trace chains loose and the noise had started the horses on a run.

Gruesome as this recital may be, it carries a lesson of stored-up energy. A valued friend in the arts and sciences dynamite, when harnessed properly, accomplishes wonders for man; when not so treated one never is sure he is safe so long as dynamite is near.

We have within us as powerful a force and as truly valuable (and yet dangerous) an element as that known in the material world as dynamite. We call it energy, and it is fully as capable (and as much to be feared) as its material counterpart.

If our energy always is given a legitimate outlet and is guided and directed properly, we become valued citizens and honored servants of God. If no legitimate outlet be furnished this inherent force, the capacity for performing work, an illegitimate exit will make of us undesirable citizens and men and women who dishonor their Creator.

But, having decided upon a legitimate use of this powerful force which our Heavenly Father

has given us, we likewise should endeavor to utilize it in such a way that the most good will be accomplished and that it will not be wasted nor dissipated. For instance, when one is tired, he is rested, and his energy is conserved if he sits down to work that may as readily and properly be done in this posture. Tired of sitting, another set of muscles may be exercised without any waste.

It is evident that a merciful Providence created us in such fashion as to prevent our wasting our energy or vitality. He has decreed that we rest one day in seven; that we sleep one-third of the twenty-four hours, and that an adequate amount of time be given to play and recreation after our work and labor. But, if we do not obey the injunction to thus recuperate a tired body, we must pay the penalty of lost vitality.

Experience shows that ten hours is the limit to the time one may work without destroying completely our reserve of energy, and it is believed that one can do more efficient work in eight hours instead of ten. Even though we may work the extra two hours, the class of work done is not equal to the standard, and we are wasting vitality and material and producing nothing of value.

But, suppose we refuse to listen to reason and continue to "burn the midnight oil"? What happens if we "burn the candle at both ends"? Exactly what takes place in the material life; we shorten our usefulness! We find that in the years during which we gave little or no thought to our vitality, Nature was taking toll from us. We weakened our constitution and the doctor's verdict was, "All run down!" In other words, we used not only our supply but our reserve, and we intrenched upon that which should have been saved for the future.

The result was that nerve, brain and body cells were depleted and we were laid, literally, upon our backs. Then it was that a wise provision of the State made it possible for us to be

taken care of while we tried to woo back our lost vitality and to build up destroyed cells.

Sometimes this may be accomplished; but far oftener we find, when it is too late, that we have used up all our energy and the wreck of the grand model (made in the likeness of our Creator) must be laid aside.

Nature is most exacting, although she is most enduring. Patient and amiable; putting up with excesses that stir her to the deepest; she is long-suffering like her God. But there comes a time when justice and equity must step in and punish where Nature has been lenient.

We are living in perilous times—times that tempt us to forge ahead and overdo our strength. In the days of reconstruction that are just before us, there are many calls upon our time and energy, and these calls will become louder and more numerous as we enter fully into the work of rebuilding our spiritual and temporal structure. There is so much to do, and so few to do it, that one throws himself into the breach and does more than his energy should shoulder.

Let us act our part; but let us be reasonable. Let us close our ears to the siren voices all around us. Let us listen to reason whose voice may not be as musical but which leads men and women into the paths of rectitude.

Properly harnessed, energy is a valuable help-mate to man. Misused or abused, we may find to our sorrow that we have disregarded God's natural law.—*Rev. Alan Pressley Wilson, Chaplain-in-Chief, United Spanish War Veterans, Baltimore.*

PRAYER CHANGES THINGS

PRAYER changes things.

Faith still works miracles.

God has not lost His power or tender love.

Then bring to Him your fevered heart's request,

Commit your way to Him, yield Him the helm,

And cast on Him the burden of your soul.

No good thing He'll withhold

Who gave His only Son.

Fear not to call. He listens for your cry.

Prayer changes things.

—*Ethel Whipple Crooks.*

ANGELO PATRI

CAN'T TEACH COLD, HARD FACTS TO CHILDREN

"SAMUEL shall be brought up on facts. Hard cold facts. No Santa Claus business. No fairies. He shall know God as a person, fact. We shall teach him the truth first, last and all the time. Any school that allows mention of fairies and myths and such rubbish ought to be closed."

Well, well. I should hate to have my school closed. Worse than that, I should hate having all the fairy stories and all the myths shut out of my school. And I could never pretend to teach the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth because I do not know what the truth is most of the time. Do you, my little dealer in hard cold facts?

Santa Claus is a symbol of love and service. A symbol of good will to men. Because a child is too much a child to shoulder an adult world's conception of life and its relationships, nature endowed him with imagination and the understanding of symbols. When he puts away childish things perhaps he will put Santa away, too, but let's hope he holds to all that the good saint symbolizes.

As a good friend of mine recently pointed out, cold facts are to little children about what cold potatoes are to a hungry boy when his mouth is set for steak and onions, mashed potatoes and baked squash topped off with pie, nuts and whatever else is handy.

Children do not thrive on cold rations. They need the bit of life they receive daily warmed up with love and touched with the color of beauty. A child mind must have exercise for imagination, because thought comes through experience, and children lack that essential quality. Imagination must take the place of cold facts, calm reason, and the other highly adult activities. It is impossible for anybody to put a cold fact in the place of a fairy tale, a negation in the place of Santa. Take him and what he stands for away and there is an empty place.

Apart from this very serious side of the matter, who said a fact was cold? Facts are mysterious, which if traced a brief moment are lost in fairy mist. Electricity is a fact. Good enough. It is light, it is sound, it is power, it is just what? Could any fairy tale go further than the story of electricity?

Stars are facts and so are people. Do you know what they are really? Are they cold, hard unbudgable facts? They are mysteries that have their share in eternity, in the infinite. Trace a fact as far as you can and it vanishes in a twinkling of an eye and becomes a vision, a myth, a fairy tale.

No, my friend. You cannot teach facts, cold hard facts, to children and for several good reasons. First you do not know any. There are no such things as hard, cold facts. Then because a child cannot learn that way. His language and consequently his thought makes no use of cold, hard facts. The other reasons do not matter. Better dust off Hans Christian Andersen and recall Mother Goose and teach the child the substance of things unseen. You and he will succeed the sooner in mastering the first stage of living.—*Boston Herald.*

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

FAVORITE RECIPES

JELLY-MAKING in the winter is becoming increasingly popular among housewives, who are learning that many of the fruits which are at their best at this season of the year, as well as canned fruits, can be made into delicious jellies.

Then, too, housewives are welcoming the modern idea of distributing the task of jelly-making, because it means more freedom in the summertime. Mother no longer has to decline invitations with the words: "I'd like to go, but I just can't go anywhere for the next few days, because I've got to put up my winter supply of jellies."

Now many housewives make as much jelly in the winter for consumption in the summer as they do in the summer for consumption in the winter.

The use of liquid pectin has resulted in the making of better jellies, too. Ripe fruits are juicier and more delicious in jellies than are green fruits, but formerly it was necessary to use the latter in order to get the sirup to coagulate.

Suggestions for jellies which may be made at this time of year are contained in the following recipes:

Ripe Fig Jam.—Four cups (2 pounds) crushed figs and lemon juice, 8 cups ($3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds) sugar, 1 bottle liquid pectin.

Use only fully ripened fruit. Remove stem ends from figs and crush thoroughly. Add juice of 2 lemons. Measure fruit into large kettle. Add sugar, mix, and bring to a full rolling boil over hottest fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard 1 minute. Remove from fire and stir in liquid pectin. Skim; pour quickly. Cover hot jam with film of hot paraffin; when jam is cold, cover with $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch of hot paraffin. Roll glass to spread paraffin on sides. Requires about 2 pounds figs. Makes 11 to 12 eight-ounce glasses.

Pineapple and Orange Jam.—Four cups (2 pounds) citrous and pineapple mixture, 7 cups (3 pounds) sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup liquid pectin.

Add grated rinds and juice of 2 oranges and 2 lemons to crushed or finely chopped pineapple (fresh or canned). Measure fruit mixture into large kettle. Add sugar, mix, and bring to a full rolling boil, stirring constantly. Boil hard 1 minute. Remove from fire and stir in liquid pectin. Stir for just 5 minutes to cool slightly. Pour quickly. Cover hot jam with film of hot paraffin; when jam is cold, cover with $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch of hot paraffin. Roll glass to spread paraffin on sides. Requires 1 medium pineapple or 1 No. 2 can pineapple. Makes 10 eight-ounce glasses.

Orange Marmalade.—Three cups ($1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds) cooked fruit, 6 cups ($2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds) sugar, juice of 1 lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup liquid pectin. Remove rind in quarters. Slice peeled fruit very thin crosswise,

removing seeds. Then cut slices fine, discarding hard centers. Lay rind flat, and with sharp knife pare off about $\frac{1}{2}$ of white part of rind. Discard these whites. Shred yellow rind very thin, add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon soda, and cook, covered, for just 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Then add cut-up fruit and lemon juice. Simmer, covered, 20 minutes longer. Measure 3 solidly packed cups of this cooked fruit into large kettle, adding water if necessary to fill third cup. Add sugar, bring to a boil, and boil gently 5 minutes. Remove from fire and stir in liquid pectin. Stir occasionally for just 5 minutes to cool slightly, to prevent floating fruit. Pour quickly. Cover hot marmalade with film of hot paraffin; when marmalade is cold, cover with $\frac{1}{8}$ inch of hot paraffin. Roll glass to spread paraffin on sides. Sometimes sets very slowly. Requires 4 medium oranges. Makes about 8 eight-ounce glasses.

Honey Jelly.—Three-quarters cup water, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups ($1\frac{3}{4}$ pounds) honey, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup liquid pectin. Measure water and honey into saucepan. Stir and bring to a boil. At once add liquid pectin, stirring constantly. Bring again to a full rolling boil and remove from fire. Skim; pour quickly. Cover hot jelly with film of hot paraffin; when jelly is cold, cover with $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch of hot paraffin. Roll glass to spread paraffin on sides. Makes 4 to 5 eight-ounce glasses.

HANDY HINTS

Before cooking rice, place it in a colander and pour boiling water over it. Save this water, as it makes excellent starch for blouses, muslin, laces, etc.

Serve tarts with tea or coffee for afternoon refreshments.

A bottle of furniture polish on a clean dry mop works wonders on polished floors.

Rubber goods of any sort may be effectively mended with adhesive plaster.

Always allow mud spots to dry, and then they can be quickly brushed or rubbed off without leaving any stain.

If too much salt has been added to soup slice a raw potato and boil it in the soup for a few minutes. The potato will absorb much of the salt.

Whitewashed walls may be easily papered if they are first washed with strong vinegar. The acid in the vinegar will attack the lime, making a rough surface to which the paper will adhere.

Candied cranberries are very effective when added to fruit salads.

Sometimes in town it seems difficult to get good clothes poles. Get a 20-cent bamboo fish pole from a hardware store, cut off the top to the required length; cut a small slit and wire below it, to prevent the pole splitting, and you will have a pole, light, strong and durable. They will last longer if taken inside after using.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Rosindale, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. McCaddin, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

APPEALS

1. Mrs. Mary Davis, Comet, N. C., would enjoy light reading for herself and three children, one boy, 15, and two girls, 13 and 10 years old.

2. I have not heard from the *Cheerful Letter* for some time, and as I am confined at home caring for an aged and ill uncle, I would greatly appreciate embroidery thread, quilt pieces, and something to amuse the children, Leroy, 7 years, and Elwanda, 5 years old. Mrs. Maggie McMilin, Route 1, Box 46, Rugby, Va.

3. Mrs. Sarah Wood, Box 58, Clifton, N. C., would enjoy some quilt pieces, embroidery thread and light reading. She is crippled and in very poor health. She is 58 years old.

4. I have not forgotten the cheer received in the past from the *Cheerful Letter* friends, and I do miss their good letters. I have two children, a baby boy, 6 months old, and a girl, 7 years old. Paper dolls, scraps for doll dresses, and little story books would be of great help to my little girl. I would be glad to hear from anyone, and would appreciate anything for pastime or cheer. Mrs. Owen Watson, Cooke Co., Leo, Texas.

5. Since writing you last, my grandmother has died, and I have left Clifton. My address is now Amy, N. C. I want to thank all my *Cheerful Letter* friends for the many things that were

sent to me. I would be glad if I could get some bits of embroidery thread, scraps, or magazines.

Thanking you all, Emma E. Weaver, Amy, N. C.

6. Miss Eva Thomas, R. 2, Box 47, Polkton, N. C., wishes she could find words to thank all for their kindness to her. She would like some magazines and any kind of sewing material and yarn-working thread.

7. I want all who so kindly sent us cheer for Xmas to know we appreciate all very much, and many thanks. Would Mrs. Kidd of Chicago please write to me, so I can have her address? Mrs. Blanche Thompson, Oshoto, Wyo.

8. I wish to write a few lines in order to thank all for the books, magazines, thread, quilt scraps and music they have sent me in the past. I hope they will remember me in the future, as I am more lonely than ever, since dear father has passed away. Lillie D. Eads, Monticello, Ky.

9. Mrs. Effie Anderson, R. F. D. 1, Drumore, Pa., Lancaster Co., wants to thank the *Cheerful Letter* friends for the nice Xmas presents they sent. The children were delighted. She would be very grateful for some embroidery thread and crochet thread for herself, or good books and reading for the children.

10. Mrs. Annie Swain, now of Portales, N. M., West Star Route, writes that she hasn't been able to walk for three months, and that she would

appreciate reading or quilt pieces or anything to pass the long hours.

11. I am the mother of seven children and we all enjoy reading, so any reading material or quilt pieces sent would be greatly appreciated. Mrs. Sessie Rea, Stella, Va.

12. I have been in poor health for some time. I broke my arm Xmas, and am just getting over that. My husband and boy were killed. Any cheer, quilt pieces or letters will be welcome. Mrs. Onie Shively, Bassett, Va.

13. I wonder if all my *Cheerful Letter* friends have forgotten me. My mother is dead, and I feel so lonely and discouraged. I have a sister, 9 years old, and a little brother, 5. I am confined at home on account of my brother's poor health. I would be glad of any kind of sewing material, and my little brother would be glad of some picture books. Will someone please write to me? Miss Dovie E. Hall, Elamsville, Va.

14. I want to thank all who remembered us at Xmas, and all other times. I don't really know who they all were that sent me cheer, on account of the sad accident that happened in our home Sunday before Xmas. My dear son Irving was seriously injured in a wreck, and died Monday morning in the hospital. I beg for any kindness or cheer anyone will send to me in my trouble. I fell and hurt my arm at the same time and tore the muscles loose, but can now use it by handling it with my left hand. Mrs. Emma Blankenship, Roanoke, Va., R. 6, Box 107B.

15. Miss Bessie V. Stewart, R. 4, Box 187, Dayton, Tenn., is the only girl at home with her father and mother. She is 18 years old. She would be glad to get magazines, cards, or quilt pieces.

16. I haven't heard from the *Cheerful Letter* friends for a long time. I certainly do miss them, too. I am the mother of three children, one 6 years, one 4 and one 1 year old. I would like some reading for my husband and scraps for patchwork. Mrs. H. H. Simpson, R. F. D. 5, Box 5, Farmville, Va.

17. Mrs. W. H. Brogan, White Hall, Md., R. 3, writes that she would like to receive some reading matter, or quilt pieces, bits of thread or lace.

18. I am the mother of seven children, five boys and two girls. The oldest girl is as helpless as a baby and very pitiful looking. I also am crippled, and shut-in. I would love to get some books and magazines to pass the lonely hours. Mrs. John Powers, Helton, N. C.

19. I have changed my address so often in the past few years that the old friends have lost me from their lists. I am not able now to work very hard, and am so lame from arthritis in my knees that I cannot get out much. I so much want some good current magazines—*Cosmopolitan*, *Red Book* or *American* by preference—also some embroidery silks and pieces of cloth to work

with. I cannot crochet any more, but can embroider and read. I pass on all reading, and make gifts with the silk and cloth. Cora A. Hoskinson, 936 N. Union Street, Decatur, Ill.

20. Mrs. Ruth Stone, R. 2, Ferrum, Va., is a widow, 69 years old, living with two older brothers. She writes that they are very lonesome and would appreciate magazines, cards, or quilt pieces.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Cora A. Hoskinson, now of 936 N. Union Street, Decatur, Ill.

Mrs. Annie Swain, from Dabney, Ark., to Portales, N. M., West Star Route.

Miss Emme E. Weaver, from Clifton to Amy, N. C.

Mrs. Mary Moran, from Erect, N. C., to Bennett, N. C. R. 1,

Mrs. Lulu Booker of Sylvester, Ga., is now Mrs. S. C. Mayo, Acree, Ga.

Mrs. Frances Slater, Copeland, Ark., now Mrs. W. H. Montgomery, same address.

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Alice Whittle, Tullahoma, Tenn.

Mrs. Mattie Blalock, New London, N. C.

THE OPTIMIST

I SING a song to the optimist,
To the man that is brave and strong,
Who keeps his head when things go right,
And smiles when things go wrong.

I am proud of the genial optimist,
His radiant voice and speech;
He helps to smooth the rugged path
Of all within his reach.

I like the way of the optimist
Who looks for the bright and best,
He scatters sunshine as he goes
And leaves his fellows blest.

I am glad to meet the optimist
With his message of good cheer.
He carries hope and confidence
To those assailed by fear.

So here's a song to the optimist
Who joyously works and sings,
And daily shows this weary world
The way to better things.

—Grenville Kleiser.

EACH one dreams the dream of life in his own way.—*Anatole France.*

THE GOOD WILL FARM

BY THE REV. C. W. HIDDEN

THE story of Good Will Farm is one of faith and prayer coupled with consecration to an ideal.

The farm is at Hinckley, in the town of Fairfield, Maine, nine miles north of the city of Waterville. On the farm are a church, homes, grammar and high schools, halls, library, museum, recreational centers, and work shops. There is a round total of forty buildings worth more than a half million dollars, with endowments aggregating \$800,000. Hundreds of boys and girls, "needing a helping hand," have been fed, clothed, and carefully trained under the direction of the Reverend George W. Hinckley. With the exception of two brief rest periods, Mr. Hinckley has been the active head of this work for more than thirty-five years.

The tale of the Good Will homes and schools is one that deals with small things, with humble beginnings, with gathering strength day by day under divine leading. Only the unveiling of the divine records will ever reveal what has been accomplished by this one of God's servants who, in speaking of his life work, modestly says, "Good Will is full of what I regard as answers to prayer."

George W. Hinckley, later to be president of Good Will Farm, was born a poor farmer boy. In his early life his heart was stirred profoundly by the arrest and sending away to the state reform school of a little unfortunate who, hungry, had helped himself to some scraps left in a workman's dinner pail. The incident led him to vow a boyish vow that some day he would find a way to help the helpless. As he grew older the conviction deepened in his mind that God had chosen him to be a real helper of the poor. This belief was strikingly impressed upon his mind by these lines in the fifth verse of the Thirty-Seventh Psalm:

"Commit thy way unto Jehovah;
Trust also in Him, and He will bring it to pass."

Young Hinckley came to look upon these words as a personal promise from God to him. Years later, having become a clergyman, he determined, while living in Bangor, Maine, to put God to the test in the keeping of this scriptural promise. He does not put it in that way, exactly, but this is what he did: he went out and, as he says, "found the neediest boy in the whole state of Maine" and took him into his home under his personal care. He determined to devote one tenth of his humble salary, and of every dollar that came to him from any other source, to caring for this boy. He told no one but God what he was doing. On bended knee he promised the Father that if, at the end of a trial year, he had paid all the boy's expenses and

had \$100 left over to serve as a nucleus for a fund to aid other boys, he would regard this as a direct answer from heaven and an assurance from God that He wanted George Hinckley to devote his life to the work that had been uppermost in his mind for so many years.

As God asks us to test Him ("Prove me now"), the young minister could see nothing inconsistent in the way in which he had put the matter up to the Father. The working out of the test is something well worth recording.

The Reverend Hinckley was serving a Sunday School organization at the time, traveling among the humblest of Christians in the state, and the good folk, in addition to their small offerings in money, began to make him personal presents of stockings and the like. It was impressed upon his mind that he was to turn all such gifts into money to help support his ward; he proceeded to do that very thing. Then to his great satisfaction, small sums of money came trickling in from various sources until, at the end of the trial year, Hinckley found that he had not only paid for the support of the boy but had \$200 left. It now devolved on Hinckley to keep the promise that he had made to God; to give up his pastoral work and, trusting wholly in God, to go straight forward in devoting his life to the helping of the helpless. This he proceeded to do, pledging himself never to allow a doubt as to God and His support to enter his mind.

He resigned his ministerial office and told the world what he believed God wanted him to do in the way of building up homes to help the helpless. He told the world, also, that he would not ask for a dollar from anyone; that money must come to him under God's prompting and in no other way. The man is unique in this: he has traveled far and wide, lectured and preached hundreds of times, telling people of his work and its needs, but he never has and never expects to ask any man or woman for a dollar. He looks to God for the money that he needs; he feels that he has no right to interfere either directly or indirectly with God's methods of providing the means for maintaining his institution. As there has passed through his hands to date more than a million dollars, it would seem that there is much merit in his method.

That first announcement brought to him a check for \$50. In the weeks and the months that followed money flowed to him in a steadily increasing stream of nickels, dimes, quarters, and dollars; God brought things to pass, according to His promise.

In the spring of 1889 the Reverend Hinckley was able to buy the Chase farm in Fairfield, Maine. The Good Will idea was put to work. The first cottage was dedicated in September of that year, and the founder predicted that another cottage would be dedicated a year from that

very day. He had no money at the time; there was not a dollar in sight—but there was Psalms 37: 5.

The new cottage came along right on time. Ever since, the work has gone on steadily; land, homes, schools, chapels, work shops, industrial plants, administration building, library, museum, water works, everything has been provided for as needed. Since the original purchase of 125 acres, the farm has increased to approximately 2,000 acres, with more than a mile frontage on the beautiful Kennebec River. The property is divided into cultivated fields, pasture, woodland, trails, and the like. There are eleven homes for boys and four for girls, each built to accommodate a family of fifteen and a matron. On Good Will territory there are forty buildings ranging in value from \$1,000 to \$100,000. The operating expenses total close to \$100,000 a year—a goodly sum of money but not too big for God to provide.

Good Will Farm is not a reformatory, not an orphan asylum, not a boarding school. To be received there, a child must be over eight and under fifteen years of age. He must be sound of body. The plan of the place, being industrial, would make it necessary to excuse the physically unfit from any share in the activities, and it is felt that this would not be fair to the other children, who are kept busy in work, study, or play. The newcomer must be of fair morals, because the Good Will plan is preventive rather than reformatory; and the applicant must be, above and beyond everything else, “in need of a home and a helping hand.”

Home, religion, education, industry, recreation, discipline—discipline cordial and kindly, yet firm—are the principles stressed, the supreme aim being the development of clean minded and strong bodied boys and girls in love with God and Christ and the Bible and the sacred things of life. Hundreds have come and gone in the thirty-eight years since that first cottage was opened. The average enrollment is about two hundred boys and girls the year round.

When asked for a parting word about his work and its influence upon his life and thinking, the founder of Good Will Farm had this to say:

“As I look over the past, I see little that I would change if I could; in fact, if I could live my life over again, counting any sacrifice I may have made or may seem to have made for the sake of others, and all the possibilities of other investments I might have made, I would do the same thing: I would invest my life, my time, and money in boys and girls in need of a helping hand.”—*Unity*.

I NEVER could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden.—*Richard Rumbold*.

“MY FATHER’S FAITH”

HISTORY will tell us duly if Georges Clemenceau was a benefactor for his part in the settlement of the Great War. We have our opinions, and for the most part they are unfavorable. No one, however, denies that, in the peace negotiations, he did much for France, though that it was for the largest good of her is also to be doubted. In the minds of the French there is, nevertheless, a memory of Clemenceau in an earlier time, in fact an epoch, and in that memory there is no least uncertainty. Whatever Clemenceau did in all these last years was based upon a glorious faith which gave him his miraculous driving power, his indomitable consistency. Shortly before he died, a journalist asked him if he would tell him why he had been such a fighter all his life. “Candidly” he said, “it is remembering what my father suffered. When I am in a dispute, whenever I feel my faith in Republican ideas and democratic principles weakening, I think of him. That memory is enough. I am immediately changed. I become he.”

He told the story of his father, Benjamin Clemenceau, a physician. One day he became so deeply affected by all the human suffering he saw that sadness overcame him. He shut up his office and went off to Nantes with his wife and children. That was in 1854, when France was under the rule of Napoleon III, who dissolved the Assembly, crowned himself Emperor, and was deporting all who did not agree with him to Argelia. Benjamin Clemenceau used to gather with other intellectuals in a little bookshop and discuss their Republican ideas. One night the police came and took him away for saying Republican democracy was the only hope for France. They decided to deport him to Africa. The day they took him away, standing between two murderers in the prison van, Georges, then thirteen years of age, went with his mother to say good-by to him. None of the father’s so-called friends was on hand. Young Georges came close to the bars and said, “I will avenge you!”

“My father,” he said, “was a painter and poet, as well as a great man. He was deeply affected. He kissed the hands that I stretched out to him through the bars. Then he said sternly: ‘If you want to avenge me, study hard, and work!’ I studied. I worked to avenge him. I am eighty-eight years old. I hope to have twelve years more in which to defend my father’s faith.”—*Christian Register*.

PAINTINGS and fightings are best seen at a distance.—*Franklin*.

Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk of you as they please.—*Pythagoras*.

"GOOD HEALTH" NOTES

WE are pleased to note that Postmaster General Brown has issued regulations for rural post-boxes, putting an end to the use of grotesque figures such as "Uncle Sam," Charlie Chaplin, etc. Posts must be of neat, suitable design, round or square, of wood, metal or concrete, and painted white as help toward traffic safety. This will be welcomed by all desiring improved highway appearance, especially those who have labored for more pleasing hot dog stands and artistic oil stations.

* * *

It is stated that there was a shortage of Christmas trees this year in and around New York City, yet nearly 1,000,000 trees were shipped out of Maine alone between the middle of November and the middle of December. Packed in carloads of 2,000 which are valued at \$500, they are sold retail at great profit. Canada sends us many trees, especially balsams, which farmers raise like hay or grain, except that from seven to ten years of growth is required previous to cutting. Lumbermen assist with this before starting on their winter's work. Conservationists are disturbed at indiscriminate cutting, and welcome special planting to meet the demand. We may help by using small trees of quick growth instead of large ones of loved childhood memories. Fortunately apartment life tends toward such selection, and the growing habit of using live trees on suburban lawns or public squares is most encouraging, as well as serving community purposes.

* * *

Everyone deploras seeing great trees, dismantled, lying forlorn in city gutters. The Boy Scouts have solved this problem by "planting" discarded trees in back yards and placing feeding boxes for birds in their branches. This is not only a deed of kindness, but materially helpful in the drive on injurious insects launched last summer. The more birds on hand when the insects appear, the less of a pest they will become.

* * *

Junior Red Cross members of four countries, Italy, Hungary, Poland, and the United States, are aiding in relief work in a very personal way by making stories they love into Braille for the use of blind children. This is accomplished through the public and Catholic school teachers. Every year more children learn to "do the writing in raised dots." Letters sent with the stories create valuable contacts.

* * *

PAY DENTAL CLINICS

At the Chicago Dental Society in January, Dr. Michael M. Davis made an interesting proposal

for clinics to be started in four large cities through the Rosenwald Fund. The plan is to supply dental service at "rates which will be paid by large numbers of persons who cannot or will not pay the usual rates for good dental service." It is hoped to establish ethical standards and proper fees for dentists retained so that preventive dentistry may become popular. At present there is one dentist to about 1,800 persons in the United States. Dr. Davis tells us that one practitioner can rightly serve only one fourth that number.

* * *

\$105,000 GIFT FOR STUDY OF TEETH

Columbia University is entering on a three-year period of research into the causes of teeth decay, made possible by yearly contributions of \$35,000 from the Commonwealth Fund, as announced by President Butler. Yale is also undertaking similar work by means of the Rockefeller Foundation, and the two schools will cooperate in gaining knowledge for preventive medicine.

If pyorrhea, decay of teeth, etc., are found caused by faulty nutrition and systematic diseases, they may be helped or cured by directed diet. The old idea of decay resulting from food left in crevices or film coating teeth has been largely discarded, as many persons never using a toothbrush have excellent teeth, while others conscientiously brushing five times a day cannot preserve theirs. (This, of course, must not be interpreted as advocating the abolition of habits of cleanliness!) "Many health workers believe that the discovery of a means to prevent dental decay will rank next in importance to the discovery of a preventive and cure for cancer in preventive medicine."

* * *

INTELLIGENCE OF KITTENS

Columbia is also devoting study to the Intelligence Quotients of kittens. Elaborate experiments are being conducted in special laboratories under the direction of the Department of Psychology. The I. Q.s are determined according to the rapidity with which the kittens learn their way over and through obstacles to a saucer of milk. A door leading to the saucer is released by pressing an electrically operated foot-pad or grid, and the animals must learn the combination in order to reach their reward, the process being repeated every twelve hours until the object is achieved.

A small wire cage containing the milk is enclosed in a larger one. The kitten under observation is put in the larger cage, in which are three electric grids on which it must step in proper order to open the door leading to the milk. This is the elementary intelligence test, easily passed by average kittens. Some, however,

become impatient and leap over the first grid before mastering the desired result. When they finally learn to open the magic door, the habit of leaping has been found and they learn to touch the grip by backing up on it. More difficult tests follow to determine relative intelligence. Kittens must learn to step without hesitation upon the first grid to the right, then the second to the left. When the wrong one is stepped on a slight electric shock is received, as an effective reminder of error. More and more complicated patterns are presented until the animals are satisfactorily graded.

Laura R. Donnell.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Wouldst thou be loved? Then love.
Wouldst thou be blessed? Then bless.
Whate'er ye measure shall be thine,
An equal share—no less.

Wouldst thou have wealth? Then give.
Wouldst thou be poor? Withhold.
For what ye mete to others shall
Be measured—gold for gold.

Wouldst thou have rest and peace?
Fret none, a tempest still.
Whate'er ye sow, that shall ye reap—
Be it of good or ill.

Wouldst smile? Dry some one's tears.
Wouldst reach the heights? Go hence
And help some other heart to climb—
And thine the recompense.
—*Evelyn Gage Browne.*

PLAY

To preserve their balance and to keep the even tenor of their way, nervous people must work and rest and play. Each of these three is important, but each must be proportioned properly to the other.

Play means intelligent and constructive amusement. It must please and at the same time improve. One child playing with blocks soon tires, while another acquires dexterity, learns facts, and finds out how to reason. It is not what you play, but how you play that is important. There must be play for the mind and play for the body. Clever people combine both.

There are many different kinds of mental play—games, cards, cross-word puzzles, charades. The more substantial and more stimulating are private theatricals, chess and auction bridge. Of all mental play, reading is the best. People should acquire the habit of reading. To read daily is to be happy and wise—it is a tonic for the

old and young and will add many hours of happiness to life. Cards were made for nervous people; they combine concentration with skill, and occupation with pleasure. And on some chosen few nature has bestowed gifts so that they can play at painting, drawing and singing.

Nervous people do not realize why they have difficulty in concentrating, thinking and reasoning. It is largely because the brain has not been properly trained, is not properly used, and is not being cared for in a proper way. Women especially fail to realize this; they tend to take too much for granted and forget that the brain needs care just as much as the body. No day should pass without our making a sincere effort to add to our knowledge and our logic. In this way and in this way only can we get the most out of life and make the greatest return for life.

Play for the body is unlimited; it can be found to suit every taste, every purse and every age. Tennis for the young, golf for the middle-aged and croquet for the old; farming for men and gardening for women; walking for all. Nature even provides play as the climate changes—swimming in the summer and skating in the winter.

The great advantage of physical play is that it not only affords interest and occupation but also improves the general health and stimulates the circulation. Competitive play has a double advantage, for sports and games in which two or more play add to the physical exercise the spirit of competition and in this way stimulate and bring advantages to both the mind and body.

Nature intends us to play, and has placed in our hands innumerable toys and nurseries in which to use them. All outdoors is ours, and pastimes galore. Feeble and lacking is the life that fails to play, play regularly, and play hard.
—*Edward L. Hunt, M.D., New York (Gorgas Memorial Institute).*

SMALL ADVENTURES

(Mississippi)

Sweetest way I ever fled:
Down an evening daisy-bed,
In and out the flower-stems,
Touching all the daisy-hems.

Roughest road I ever ran:
Past a brown-ant caravan,
Up a canyon where, on top,
Bulgy-eyed the beetles hop.

Stillest path I ever took
Daisies fled, ants forsook:
Nothing but I and lonely air
Communing there.

—*Virginia Moore, in "Sweet Water and Bitter."*

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

THE G. O. G. CLUB DISCOVERS A SECRET

It was Violet's turn to have the G. O. G. Club meeting at her house after school on Friday afternoon, and all were there but Daisy, whose father, the janitor, had wanted her to come home on an errand first. G. O. G. means Garden of Girls, you know, and the seven little girls who composed the club called each other by flower names for fun. Finally, just as they were getting a bit tired of waiting, in came Daisy, breathless, and with a piece of paper in her hand.

"What do you think!" she said eagerly, "Daddy says that one of his tenants sent this invitation to us, and he says it's all right and we must all go." All the girls crowded around while Violet read the note:

"The members of the G. O. G. Club are invited to hold their meeting today at 17 West Street. Please come early and ring the first floor bell."

Just then Violet's mother came into the room, saying, "What's this, Esther?" Esther was Violet's real name.

"Oh, Mother!" exclaimed Violet, handing her the note. "May we all go? Daisy's father says it's all right, and he'll be there."

"If Daisy's father is there, it is certainly all right," said Violet's mother, "and I'll just run around with you. I'm going to take baby out in his coach."

Number 17 West Street was only a short distance away—a small old-fashioned house, that had recently been made into apartments. Violet rang the bell and the electric button clicked the latch, and they all filed into the hall. A door opened quickly at the other end, and whom should they see smiling in the doorway but Miss Joyce, their teacher, the one who really had started the G. O. G. Club.

"Come right in," she said; "the janitor and I have had a hard time to keep the secret so long. I moved into this little apartment just before school began, but it's taken a long time to get settled. Put your things on the couch and then come into my little kitchen."

The children followed eagerly, and as they looked through the open doorway everybody gave a little squeal of delight. "A garden!" exclaimed Daisy.

It was a small courtyard, surrounded on all sides by apartment houses, but getting considerable light and sun, nevertheless, and at one end was a very tiny pool with a frog fountain spouting a slender jet of water. Everybody ran out and looked around, and there was Daisy's father, the janitor, at work with some bricks.

"I'm glad I don't have to keep the secret any longer," he said. "Isn't this a fine garden?"

There were beds of earth all around the edges, and a big bed in the middle, and the rest was gravel, for walking.

"There is nothing growing," said Violet, thoughtfully.

"Well," said Miss Joyce, brightly, "what's a G. O. G. Club for, anyway? All the beds under the windows are mine, and the janitor says I may have the bed in the middle, too. Who wants to help me make a garden?"

It seemed almost too good to be true, but at last the little girls understood that Miss Joyce was going to let them plant and share her new garden with her, and that they were to begin at once, even though it was autumn instead of spring.

"What's the use of waiting till winter comes and goes?"

Let us pattern Nature—watch her how she sows.

Sows her seeds in summer, sows them in the fall,
So they'll all be ready to heed the spring's first call."

— *Christian Science Monitor.*

HYMN OF A CHILD

Abridged from C. Wesley

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child!

Make me gentle as Thou art,
Come and live within my heart.

Take my childish hand in Thine,
Guide these little feet of mine.

So shall all my happy days
Sing their pleasant song of praise;

And the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me!

SCHOOL WORLD-FRIENDSHIP LEAGUE

LIKE the great rivers that have their sources in tiny rivulets on the top of the mountain, the School World-Friendship League had a small beginning. The inception of this League dates back to the Imperial County Institute of 1925 at El Centro, Calif.

At this institute there was one lecturer who spoke forcibly on world conditions. In this connection he said that a great hope for better things lay in the work that could be accomplished for peace in the schools. "The teachers of the

United States could avert war if they got on the job."

To one person, at least, the words of the speaker were like tongues of fire. They burned deeply into her thought. After the lecture was over she thanked the lecturer for his earnest words. To this he replied, "My task has been easy, but you have the harder work to perform. It is now up to you teachers to work out the problem in your own classrooms."

This made a deep impression on Mrs. Helen S. Evans, for she was the teacher. She realized the necessity of organization and the plan of School World-Friendship League was unfolded to her.

On January 1, 1926, she began to write the by-laws. Being assured by two counselors that the plan was worthy and practical, and, obtaining permission of the superintendent of the Brawley (Calif.) schools to carry it out in her classroom, she went forward and put it into operation.

She looked around for materials to assist her in this new work. She found that, though there was a strong conviction that the foundational work for peace should be accomplished in the schools, there were no definite plans advanced anywhere as to the manner in which the idea should be presented.

Some excellent material for the elementary grades was secured from the older peace organizations of the East.

There was a great dearth of songs for this kind of work, so several songs were composed for the children. One was called "The Children's All-Nations' Song," which was sung at the closing exercises of the Brawley Eastside School in 1926.

It so happened that Carlos V. Ariza, Mexican Consul, was the invited speaker of the evening. He was so pleased with the idea that he took world friendship through the education of the children as the keynote of both his English and Spanish addresses. He became a staunch friend of the League, and while in the office of consul he took pains to present S. W.-F. L. to the Mexican Commissioner of Education at Mexico City.

It was found that the idea of world friendship placed before the children day after day in correlation with the different studies was bringing gratifying results in interest in world affairs, in love for children of all lands, increased application to lessons, improved school atmosphere, more kindly behavior in school and on playgrounds.

After its organization the League grew rapidly. On March 5, 1927, two events of special significance to the League occurred. One was the presenting of the League to the Border Schoolmasters' Club in the Leona Africana School, Mexicali. The address by Mrs. Evans was interpreted sentence by sentence into Spanish. There were present at this meeting two consuls, Frank Bohr, American Consul for Baja, California,

and Carlos V. Ariza, Mexican Consul for Imperial County.

The Mexican teachers were especially appreciative of the League and its aims and expressed determination to start it in their schools, and undoubtedly the earnest work of Señor Ariza and the schoolmasters of Beja, California, had some influence in the decision of the National Education Department of Mexico to place world-friendship teaching in all of the elementary schools of Mexico.

An outstanding event of 1927 in the history of the League was the forming of the National Organization in El Centro, on November 20. Early in 1928 when the school units were increasing rapidly, it was the conviction of the national officers that there should be a local citizens' unit to sponsor the work in each community. Accordingly at a called meeting of the representative citizens of Calexico on February 19, 1928, the first Citizens' Unit of S. W.-F. L. was organized amid much enthusiasm, thereby establishing a precedent for other communities to follow.

With the organization of this citizens' unit in Brawley, a pre-school department of the League was added which provides for the instruction of children in the home, instruction to be started when the children are old enough to obey.

An article in the *Monitor* on pre-school work has brought a large response from all over the United States and even from Alaska, indicating the widespread interest of the people on this subject.

The summer of 1928 was characterized by considerable advancement in the work and scope of the S. W.-F. L. We note especially:

1. A handbook on world friendship for elementary and secondary teachers was nearly completed.

2. A pre-school folder appeared for the use of mothers, also for kindergarten teachers.

3. A plan for junior college and college forum activities was devised which completes the seven-department educational plan of S. W.-F. L. now embracing the entire range of education from the pre-school up and into the college forum, the citizens' unit sponsoring them all.

Since then there has been great advancement in the recognition of the League by some of the most prominent adult organizations of the United States and elsewhere.—*Clipped.*

A YOUNG mother was having difficulty in persuading her four-year-old son to go to sleep, so on this occasion she promised him a handful of raisins of which he was especially fond.

The child smilingly subsided, and after a few minutes the nap appeared to have begun, when he raised his head and asked, "Your handful or mine?"

OUR SHEPHERD

HE crowneth the year with His goodness,
 Every morning His mercies are new:
 He leads through the wilderness journey
 As our heaven-ward way we pursue.

It may be beside the "still waters,"
 Or through the "deep waters" and wild—
 Yet always this promise gives courage—
 "I will not forsake thee," my child.

His presence enhances each pleasure,
 His tenderness soothes every woe,
 His grace all-sufficient sustains us,
 As on through the years we go.

Our Father himself planned the pathway
 That leads through the shadowy vale:
 But Love goes before, that no evil
 Shall over His loved ones prevail.

Yea, surely His goodness shall follow
 His children who lean on His word:
 And on through the ages of glory
 The song of their praise shall be heard.
 —E. R. B.

EASIER

A WITNESS appearing in court in a Southern city was asked:

"What is your name?"

"Calhoun Jefferson, suh."

"Can you sign your name?"

"Suh?"

"I ask you if you can write your name."

"Well, no, suh. Ah nebber writes my name."
 Ah dictates it, suh."—*Capper's*.

HAPPINESS is a perfume you cannot pour on others without getting a few drops yourself.

—*Emerson*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

MRS. H. A. STEVENS, *Chairman*

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents* should be sent to the Chairman, Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 36 Lancaster St., Cambridge, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. Two hundred and thirty-nine are now on our lists.

5. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.